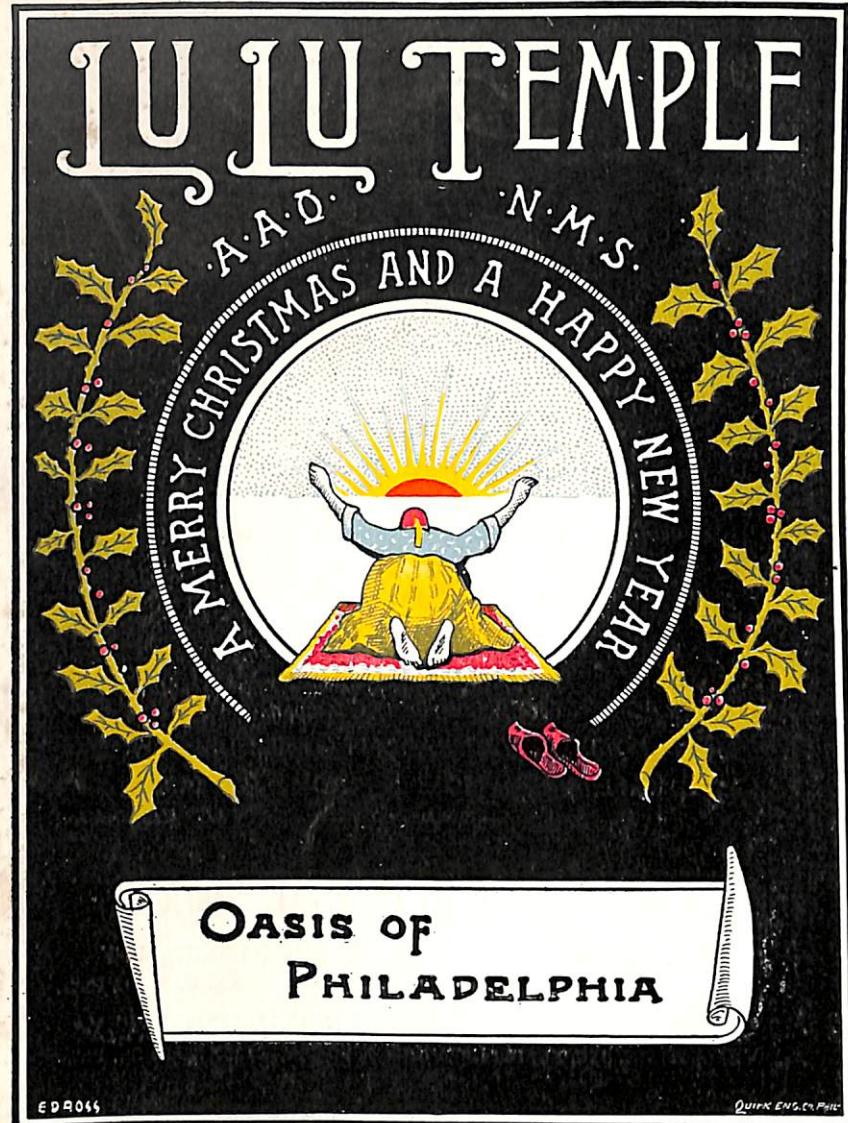




Ladue Stock Company, 2226 Chestnut St., Phila.



OFFICIAL DIVAN

A. H. 1317-18

A. D. 1900

**

Illustrious Potentate—*Shayk*

FRANCIS H. HEMPERLEY

1337 Spruce St.

Chief Rabban—*Emeer*

ALEXANDER J. H. MACKIE

4938 Penn St.

High Priest and Prophet—*Imam*

Treasurer—*Chayzin*

FREDERICK LEIBRANDT
123 N. 2d St.

TRUSTEES

THE POTENTATE (ex-officio) Chairman

THE CHIEF RABBAN (ex-officio) Secretary

PHILIP C. SHAFFER
3216 N. 15th St.

JOSEPH BIRD
Windsor Hotel

LOUIS WEBER
1772 Frankford Ave.

♦

REPRESENTATIVES TO IMPERIAL COUNCIL

EDWARD B. JORDAN
873 Union St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

PHILIP C. SHAFFER
3216 N. 15th St., Phila.

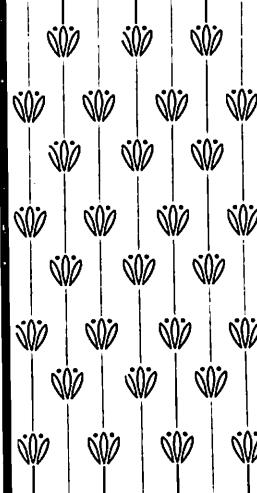
FREDERICK LEIBRANDT
123 N. 2d St., Phila.

FRANCIS H. HEMPERLEY
1337 Spruce St., Phila.

1337 Spruce St., Phila.

Oasis of Philadelphia : : : December Session

: Annual Election of Officers :



Nobles of Lu Lu Temple, Attend

The regular monthly session of
Lu Lu Temple will be held on

Wednesday, December 5, 1900

at 7.00 o'clock P.M., prompt.

Having received this official notice, you will do well to heed it and be present. If anything prevents your attending, it is your duty to give immediate notice to that effect to the Recorder, sending him, in the meantime, the amount of your dues, that the regular Card of good standing may be mailed to you for use throughout the year 1901....



Shaaban

(29 days)

EIGHTH MONTH
THIRTEENTH DAY
FORTY-FOURTH
CYCLE



Following these services the

Traditional Banquet

will be served to those who have done their duty and kept their camels well fed and smoothly groomed. The galleries will be allotted to those who carried the banner throughout the crusade. Couches of down and peaceful sleep will be prepared for those who gave to the needy and clothed the naked.

There will be the customary chantings for the Paschal.

There will be shoutings and various celebrations in honor of the day of music and rejoicings.

Sheiks will uncover their heads and bare their breasts to the knife of the High Priest, the Judge.

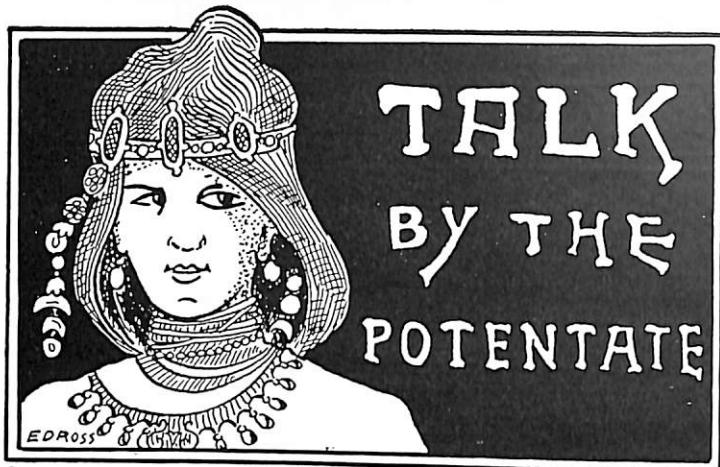
Flaming torches will illumine the path to Mecca, and the faithful will give praise to Allah.



FRANCIS H. HEMPERLEY
Illustrious Potentate
1337 Spruce St.

NOBLES,
ATTEND.
IT IS SO ORDERED.

WILLIAM ROSS
Recorder
P. O. Box 498



My Dear Nobles:

As your Potentate, I must now say "hail and farewell." For two years we have traveled together. The way has been filled with incidents of pleasure and, I trust, of profit.

Looking back, I realize that without your active co-operation and cordial help, I could not have made a reasonable success.

Recorder Ross tells me that we have added to the membership 223 Nobles this year, not counting those who may come in at this session. We have been blessed in many ways, for which let us be profoundly grateful.

I lay down the sceptre of the office with mingled feelings of gratitude to you for the honors you have bestowed upon me, and regret for my shortcomings, which I appreciate more keenly, perhaps, than any other, in my efforts to be of service to you all.

But, the great thing after all is to have tried honestly; the

question of failure or success is one for which, beyond an honest trial, we are not entirely responsible.

Sometime ago, I was led to put upon paper some few thoughts in the matter of honest effort, and I reproduce them here, rededicating them to you, dear Nobles. I call them

PLUMB, LEVEL AND SQUARE WORK.

If a line be fastened at the upper end to a fixed point, and a weight attached to the lower extremity, and the whole allowed to swing free and clear of all obstructions, the attraction of gravitation, as we call it, will cause it to point to the center of the earth, and, in the language of the craftsman, it will hang *plumb*. A wall, building or structure of any kind whose vertical sides do not coincide with this perpendicular line, is said to be "out of plumb."

A man whose life is in harmony with the teaching of the first great commandment, which bids him love God with all his heart and mind and strength, is erecting the structure of his character (which is the spiritual house in which he dwells), in such a manner that it can be measured by a line which points directly from heaven to earth, and we say of him that he is an *upright* man. He inclines neither to the right nor to the left, and there is no moral obliquity in him.

The first principle of action, which comes from God to man, points perpendicularly downward from the center of the heaven in the human soul to the center of the earth in human life. It is the Jacob's ladder by which we shall climb from earth to heaven, and it stands *plumb*.

If a body of water be allowed to stand in freedom in an open vessel, every drop of water in the vessel will arrange itself in such a manner that every particle upon the surface of the water will be upon the same horizontal plane. Such a surface

is called *level*. There are no elevations or depressions—no high nor low.

If it is important that the walls of a house should be plumb, it is equally desirable that the foundations should be level, or there will be no stability nor steadiness to them and the articles which they are intended to support.

The true measure of a man demands, first, that he should be upright, acknowledging his dependence upon God, by supreme love to him and the teachings of His word. But this principle, which comes down from heaven, must find a foothold and a foundation upon earth, by our receiving it in uprightness and practicing it upon the level, in love to our fellow men. Therefore, the second great commandment is like unto the first—we must love our neighbor as ourselves. In essence it is the same, in practical application, different. He who sends His rain upon the evil as well as the good, and is no respecter of persons, in that He has endowed all with capacities for everlasting and increasing happiness, and takes His highest delight in doing good to all, commands us to build up our spiritual natures into His image and likeness, by dealing with all our fellows according to the horizontal principles of a righteous equity. While there may be apparent external distinctions, caused by outward circumstances in life, yet, looked at from the standpoint of the spiritual nature, we are all upon the same level. That man who, in his dealings with his fellows, does not do to them as he would have them do to him, is inequitable. He is not doing level work, and cannot stand the test of measurement which the great Master-builder sooner or later will apply to us all.

But there are two kinds of measurements upon the same horizontal plane or level—length and breadth. Length alone gives us but a line, which, in itself, is nothing. There must be breadth as well, before we have surface. A single wall may be plumb and its foundation may be level, but it is not an inclosure,

and it cannot be used as a place to dwell in. Length and breadth, which constitute surface, represent the two principles of equity, as they apply to the double nature of man—the intellect and the will, the understanding and the affections, the thoughts and the feelings, the mind and the heart.

The upright man, who is truly such, will be *square* as well as level in all his dealings with his fellows. From the point where the heavenly perpendicular touches the earth of his nature, the lines of his life will so run as to form a right angle.

He will regard the equities of his neighbor, not only in matters of form, but also in substance; and he will respect his rights not only in the letter of the law, but also in its spirit. The uprightness of his heart will be established, not only upon the horizontal of truth in his head pointing due South, but also upon the Oriental line of charity in his hands, pointing due East, and the two lines will form a perfect square. Then, and not till then, does he produce really perfect work; then, and not till then, is his work really anything; then, and not till then, is he really upright, for while a line by itself is nothing, being only length, so a surface by itself is nothing, being only length and breadth, but when we have the everlasting trinity of length, breadth and thickness, when we measure due East from love, on the level, and due South from truth, on the right-angled square, and give substantial solidity and reality to both by at the same time measuring plumb downwards from God, as the infinite, original and geometrical starting point, then our work is *plumb, level and square*; then our work will stand the test of the measuring rod of the Supreme Architect of the Universe, for it may then be said of the spiritual building in which we dwell, as, in the symbolic vision of John on the Isle of Patmos, it was said of the New Jerusalem, “the length and the breadth and the height of it are equal,” which is the true “measure of a man, that is, of an angel.”

Our Lu Lu Theatre Benefit

This will be a great affair. I trust every Noble will come and bring his wife, his daughter, his sister and his mother.

Do not forget it. On Monday evening of December 10th, at the Chestnut Street Theatre. Orchestra, parquet and the first two rows in the balcony seats, \$1.50 each; the rest of the balcony, \$1.00, and the dress circle, 75 cents. "Madame Butterfly," for curtain raiser, and "Naughty Anthony," in three acts, to follow. Every Noble should bring and wear his fez. Do not forget, Nobles, that our Shrine Charity is the sweet savor of genuine Nobility. With these funds we hope to make glad the hearts of many a worthy and needy brother, his widow and orphans at the coming Christmas tide.

And so, dear Nobles, for the last time, as your Potentate,

Hail and farewell,

FRANCIS H. HEMPERLEY,
Illustrious Potentate.

P. S. All theatre tickets not paid for or returned on or before Monday, December 3rd, will have to be charged to the holders.

Our Caterer is
Noble Wm. B. Neal
of 739 Girard Avenue

RECORDER'S NOTES



THE 44th cycle began February 18, 1874, and will end March 29, 1903.

NEW YORK STATE contains nine Temples of our Order. Pennsylvania, five.

THE Noble who wrote to the Recorder, and informed him that he had paid his dues for 1900, and could prove it by showing his 1900 Card, has paid it again, as he found out, through some wonderful piece of telepathy or mesmeric influence, that he received more than he was actually entitled to, that is, he was furnished a Card just one year in advance, just as we do to every member. The dues are payable in December of each year *not in advance*, but after he has had all the fun out of it that is really his. When an initiate is admitted after the December session, he has to pay for a proportionate time, depending upon how long he has had his way among us. The time is divided in thirds. So the charges run from \$1.00 to \$2.00, and then, perhaps, \$3.00. A member admitted in January, 1901, will pay \$3.00

the next December. But if he should come in during July, 1901, he has to furnish the cash to the amount of \$2.00, or proper security in the shape of a gold watch, diamonds and such. If he travels the hot sands in October, he has to hand over \$1.00. This is all pretty plain, but I doubt it. If you don't understand this mixture of figures, "write me a letter, love, drop me a line." While upon this subject it has been decided that any Noble owing more than one year's dues after this session, will receive a ticket for Hellogolong, free. Awful sorry to tell you about it, but the Potentate told me to. He is accountable for many bad things, and this is one of them. He gets very disagreeable, occasionally.



THE history of the Order of the Mystic Shrine is necessarily finished in this number. There are 467 years during the reign of Busterbeeri, the Fearless, and his immediate successors, when but few writers of that time and era took good care of their manuscripts, but any information which may be actually wanted to fill up this void, will be furnished upon application to the Recorder, who has in his possession four large leather pouches, which were unearthed at the temple of Jupiter, when the Chaldeans swept over the middle section of Macedonia, and any Noble wishing to examine them will be given the opportunity any Christmas eve, after next year. The contents are intact, jewels, money, papyrus scrip, etc., etc.



THE Spanish-American war came to an end some time ago, but the war tax still remains, and it is necessary to place a two-cent revenue stamp on checks. This is intended as a gentle reminder to many who are sometimes forgetful.



DECEMBER the 10th will be an interesting date to the Nobles of our Temple. Why? Because the Chestnut Street Theatre will be filled to overflowing with the nobility and their ladies. The demand for tickets has been unprecedented. It is all being done in the sacred name of Charity.



WHEN you change your address, please notify the Recorder without delay. He needs the addresses of about fifty Nobles who have gone and done it, and they are wondering why they do not receive their notices.

ANY member of this Temple who may hear of the death of one of our number will confer a great favor upon the Recorder by sending him word, so that we may take the required action thereon.



WHEN you pay your dues, always bring your bill along. Proper attention to this will save much trouble. If you neglect to do this, you will have to wait for your card to be sent to you by mail. No cards are given out when payment is made at the Recorder's desk, unless the bill is presented for receipt.



BEFORE any of our Nobles sign a contract for advertising in what is called a "History of the Order," he had better communicate with the Recorder of this Temple. Complaints of fraud are coming in quite lively.



OUR Illustrious Potentate does not need any introduction to the readers of these notices, but at the same time, he must stand his chance with the other worthies who have had their lives taken during the past few months, and hereunder I am pleased to mention his name in connection with his retirement from the office which he has so nobly filled for the past two years, and to send him our warmest regards and our keenest regrets. He has done well. His intentions have always been honest, and his success is due to his indefatigable energy and willingness to serve. While cranky upon some subjects, he makes it all up in other ways. We are all more or less cranks. A man is nobody who has no insane ideas which he insists upon thrusting before everybody. Just occasionally, I mean. Not all the time. If he did we would engage rooms for him over in West Philadelphia. The man who kicks once in a while is all right. He takes an interest in things, and has that way of expressing it. Frank Hemperley goes out without an enemy, and has made many new friends during his administration. Here is a new picture of him. Nobles, allow me—Frank—the boys—Boys—this is Frank. Shake.



FRANCIS H. HEMPERLEY
Illustrious Potentate

Noble Hempterley was raised in "St. John's Lodge, No. 1, Town of Providence and Rhode Island Plantations," in November, 1876.

Worshipful Master of Phoenix Lodge, No. 130, F. and A. M. 1896
Most Excellent High Priest Temple Chapter, No. 248, R. A. M. 1893

Eminent Commander St. Alban Commandery, No. 47, K. T. of Pa. . . 1897-98

President of the Line Officers' and Past Commanders' Association, Division No. 1, K. T. of Pa., 1897-98, and at present Treasurer of the same.

Member of Philadelphia Council, No. 11, R. and S. M.

Member of Philadelphia Consistory, S. P. R. S., 32^o.

Illustrious Potentate Lu Lu Temple, A. A. O. N. M. S. 1899-1900

Representative of Temple Chapter, No. 248, R. A. M., to, and

Grand Royal Arch Captain of, the Grand Chapter of Pa.

The King is Dead! Long Live the King!

FRANCIS H. HEMPERLEY

Illustrious Potentate, Lu Lu Temple

IT is quite fitting at this time that some mention should be made of the retiring Potentate of this Temple, especially in view of the fact that he has made a pretty good presiding officer during his two years' incumbency of the highest position within the gift of the nobility of this jurisdiction, and knowing the general sentiment that has been so freely shown during that period, he has appreciated it by "whooping things up," so to speak, to the infinite delight and satisfaction of the regulars, and the quiet indorsement of the casuals. He was early prepared for just such work, having been apprenticed to a second-rate country dentist during the days when dental instruments were of the crudest and most "painsstaking" kind, and when there was always a sort of doubt in the mind of the manipulator whether the main strength expended in the interest of the scared patient, would result in "landing" the tooth or breaking the jaw. In the latter case, the operation would invariably be called a professional success. The numerous seances in which he participated, whereby the "hired help" or casual "farm hand" was the victim, hardened his otherwise gentle nature so effectually that his personal fitness was apparent the moment his name was mentioned for the responsible, honorable and soul-stirring office of Illustrious Potentate. The numerous additions to the Temple's working paraphernalia were the outshoots of his inventive skill, the practical illustration of which is always witnessed by the faithful with a special degree of pleasure and expressive merriment. "The Spanish Inquisition" was the title of the first book he ever purchased, and he keeps tab marks between the leaves where the greatest and most cruel tortures are so warmly depicted with appropriate illustrations. It is, therefore, no longer a wonder how he acquired the art to "make it interesting" to the confiding novices who monthly place themselves at his mercy, within the charmed circle of his seductive influence.

His first aspiration, after passing through the ceremony of initiation, was to become Grand High Executioner, and it is said that he gave a secret order to Disston for the manufacture of a highly tempered Broad Ax, of scimitar shape and proportions, and possessing wonderful destructive tendencies, that would, with one fell scoop, decapitate a cast iron statue of Hercules. In the interest of our beloved Order and its perpetuity and continued honorable mention, his ambition was quickly and effectually frosted.

In the mind-moulding process, under which his fond but rigid parents strove to develop in him some special trait of sterling character that might

eventually lead him to public eminence and renown, great care was exercised in the selection of literature that could be relied upon to effect the desired results. It was, therefore, only by the most careful manipulation of the resources within his condensed reach that he was able to keep himself supplied with the regular interesting publications of the day relating to the adventures of Dick Turpin, and the piracies of Captain Kidd. It was with some considerable surprise to his near relatives when the time arrived when it was to be decided whether it would be the pulpit or the Bar within which he was to be the shining satellite, to discover that he had kicked the traces and landed in a doctor's sanctum, only to be later turned over to art and sciences.

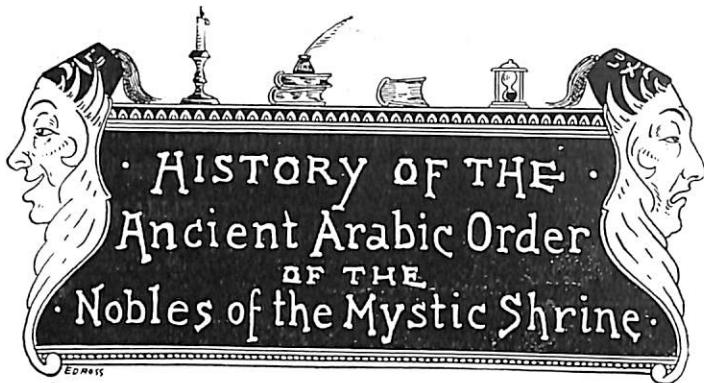
His urbanity of disposition has saved his life upon many occasions. He is a great reasoner, and can give more insane excuses to the minute than the mind of the average man could possibly invent in a week. Quick at figures, and prompt to discover any attempt to do him out of any kind of a job, the Recorder of this temple has had to bring into requisition every native and inherent quality of shrewdness and cunning to combat the Potentate's detective and suspicious tendencies, and in no instance has he been able to close his piercing optics whenever the Recorder's personal interests required protection. He is a perfect watch dog of the most biting proclivities.

He is seen at his best when presiding at a well-filled banquet table. With just a slight tinge of sadness among the few wrinkles on his plastic brow, and a broad bump of caution and self consciousness on the proper spot, he is the perfect picture of the kind of man whom men admire and women respect. While no one would assume to slap him on the back and salute him with "Hi there, old man," he would never knock a man down for doing it, or freeze him to death with a frigid stare. He would merely blush a little, extend his hand and try to assure the offender that he was very glad to see him. And he would mean it, too. The slight protuberance over the left ear and toward the center of his neck has no connection with his phrenological chart. It is but the remnant of what was once in the near past, a well proportioned and architecturally outlined carbuncle, which his physician tried to impress upon him was worth just a hundred dollars. As the market in carbuncles at that time was somewhat inactive, he was unable even to swap it off for some other kind of domestic infelicitous monstrosity, and finally consented to let it amuse itself as best it could. This mark has many times been mistaken for an evidence of combativeness, but those of his near friends who are better acquainted with his fighting qualities, have more respect for his sprinting effectiveness. In fact, he can run better than he can fight, and therein he shows his solid horse sense. When legs were given out, he received a liberal allowance.

He is a good friend to the poor, attends church regularly once a year, smokes prudently, subscribes to many worthy objects, seldom swears, and then only moderately, or as occasion might require, and bears his honors like a true gentleman. When Frank Hemperley gets through talking, there will be a snug, enchanting place awaiting him "in the far away land," and he can have the pick of the harps and plenty of music. May he always be with us.

WILLIAM ROSS,
Recorder.





(Concluded.)

THE many recent publications of books on Egypt and Arabia which have been poured out to the public, have produced but few fresh aspects of that strangely monotonous and weird land. The superstitions teeming from the soil, the something always new from Africa—the land the gift of the river—all the worn, old phrases of the school-room—come back and range themselves with railroad bridges of American iron, guard tents with kilted Highland sentries, *kuki* tourists in swarms, and donkeys that answer to Washington, Lincoln and Yankee Doodle. Seldom has a country been so often described and fared so strangely well. The old soil from century to century makes its people for itself, and makes over, too, the ever-gathering crowd of writers and peripatetic describers.

The washed and taught Oriental never returns to his Orientalism. He is a man progressive, inquisitive, and with a taste for modern thought and practical knowledge. When the chance is offered him to take up heavy, abstruse questions in the interest of science, he never refuses. Although not indifferent to the grand result, and even anxious for a successful issue, he considers it beneath his dignity to perform the least manual labor in connection therewith that would soil his hands or disarrange his turban. He will point to and describe in his own charming way the architecture of Egypt, ancient and mediæval, as art and history, and linger lovingly over the work of long-dead craftsmen who had wrought so faithfully in a sad sincerity. He knows, even better than the scientist, the traveler and the story writers of ancient history that Egypt is a study in art and not a jumble of Pharaohs, mummies and pseudo-com-

parative religions. He will analyze the æsthetic impressiveness of the Pyramids, almost beyond the comprehension of the average student, and tell of things that he has personally found among the ruins and sarcophagi of his strange country; giving them fresh colors and making the past become more real. He is never wearisome and, at times, becomes like Aristides the Just, besides which he is a Potentate of only lesser sway than the Khedive.

Baku-bakuren, High Chancellor and "The Mighty Judge," lives, during the rainy season, in Ballaksen, and is a scholar of no mean ability. He has entertained more foreign men of distinction, and given out more interesting and reliable material for the use of the true scientist, the so-called philosopher, the laggard lounger and the indiscriminate historian, than all the orthodox Mohammedans who ever salaamed to the setting sun. From him has come information valuable to the shriner on account of its phonetic, morphologic and lexicographic data. He knows more of the conquests of Reffahs and the vicissitudes of his successors, through the Punns, the Mack-Ies and the St-Tocs to the Arab conquest, than any other living person. His experiences and life form an unwritten chapter in the history of Islam, but it is unrolled to those who dare to venture through the tangled wild-woods and the miasmatic swamps that lie between him and modern civilization. There are echoes of China and of wandering Turkoman tribes; stories from beyond the mountains; sounds from the Euphrates and the Nile and from the Inner Sea; waves of Mongol invasion—the Seljuqs, Khans, Timur Leng—they break out of darkness and enrapture the eager listener; genealogies are unravelled; names full of romance and with all their magic are repeated over and over; Makabadus, lying buried under his slab of dark green jade, is made to tell of the glories which dazzled and blazed with a transcendent lustre and gorgeousness far beyond the mind of man to conceive. Many words uttered by this wonderful man are obscure to unintelligibility. He speaks of religion and religious tolerance and even of anti-Muslem tendency, the veiled prophet of Khorasan, Meron's bright palaces and groves, sultans of Casgar and the Persian version of Srekom, leaving the ordinary listener to arrange his own jumbled ideas and string his own facts, real and ideal, on as strong a thread as the weight of his convictions of their worth would warrant.

Baku-bakuren, at the time Professor Dope and associates went into "the open country" for specimens, was at Spacati, about 375 miles south of Hairpini, but the professor's anxiety to meet this remarkable person was so intense that he moved his entire caravan, consisting of 179 camels

and over 400 attendants, to a point where the Nile formed a junction with the Spacca-alli, at which point he and a body guard only took floats for Spacati, leaving the rest of the caravan to await their return. The heat became unbearable. When the little party was about forty-six miles from the starting point, the river suddenly disappeared, absolutely evaporated under the terrible scorching rays of a tropical sun, and they were not rescued from their position until nearly two months thereafter, when they were overtaken by a caravan from Putievig, and great was the joy of all when it was learned that the party consisted of Baku-bakuren himself and a retinue of one hundred servants. They were on their way to the great "middle grounds" of Spezzia-corpus, and Prof. Dope, after arranging for the return of a portion of his guard to the main party, accompanied Baku and participated with him in the valuable discoveries which have since enriched the museums of Europe and added undying honor to the exalted name of Dope. The most wonderful among the many articles which were brought to light at that time, such as stone spear-heads, sacrificial knives of dark obsidian, white flint with knobs of copal at one end, skulls in a fair state of preservation, perforated at the top with holes for the better handling of them originally, pottery, bowls, beads and chicken bones, were the mummified remains of a human being. Dead a thousand—five thousand years if not of ages. Dead as dust. It was brought out into the open air. It was a man, a microcosm, who lay in darkness for so long a time that the years could not be counted. Darkness and death—death the prelude to resurrection. And they brought him to the light, and Egypt's sun once more shone upon him. A proposition was made by Baku-bakuren that his vestments be carefully removed, with the hope that some symbols or treasures might be discovered that would lead to at least the identity of the tribe or nation to which he belonged. The work was commenced in the presence of the entire party who sat or stood upon the surrounding head lands, all within view of the operation. The outer casements were slowly removed, crusty, crispy, covered with the dust of ages. The inner wrappings were reached after a continued labor of over three hours, so careful were the manipulators that no hasty movement should mar the final, anxiously looked for result. Next to the body, which had now reached a temperature singularly similar to that of a living person, was found a glass bottle containing a liquid of some kind, the nature of which was indicated by a leather tag attached by a brass wire to the neck of the bottle, upon which were found the letters, roughly cut, E. V. R. D. L. O. After deciding that the contents should be dis-

posed of by each of those in command, five persons, a ring was formed and after intoning a few lines from an ancient catechism, they each partook. The result was almost instantaneous. They sang, danced, embraced and appeared almost beside themselves with joy and hilarious merriment, continually seeking for more. After enjoying a refreshing sleep the work was re-commenced and finished at an early hour in the afternoon. The body lay uncovered with the rays of the sun striking it a slant on the left side, when suddenly and without the least pre-movement of the muscles or ligaments it raised itself to a sitting posture. Consternation immediately prevailed. Fear, pale as death itself, seized upon all present. The natives fled precipitately. A few soon reached the river and were drowned in their haste to escape. Twenty committed suicide by jumping from a high cliff to the jagged rocks below. The remainder were never seen or heard from. Among the very few who remained were Baku-bakuren, Professor Dope and four faithful slaves, whose curiosity had compelled them to risk the issue, and learn whether it was a natural resuscitation or the result of a sudden relaxation of the muscles which occasioned a reaction and movement so common under such conditions among the medical fraternity in their anatomical experiments. Following out the theory advanced in the beginning of this brief history of the Order of the Mystic Shrine that the vivifying action of heat induced by the sun's rays brought forth life germs and produced life, even breath itself, it was made evident that this old man had been made a martyr in his early manhood and was buried alive, only to be revived when the first opportunity offered again to renew the troubles and vicissitudes of life but under far different environments and among much more satisfactory associates. His first words, plainly but sepulchrally uttered, were spoken in the pure Arabic tongue as follows: "Who swiped my bottle?" His next inquiry was concerning the time of the next session of Blazes Temple, of which he was once a member, producing his card of good standing and asking if there had been any change in the talismanic words since Pharaoh was Illustrious Potentate and the children of Israel held on to the rope at the Great Tantata Fair.

NOTE.—Having been informed that no more space can be allowed me in the continuance and completion of this history, its advent into this country and its remarkable growth will have to be separately treated so soon as the proper time arrives and permission is obtained so to do. I regretfully abandon here the work which I took up with so great an interest and under such favorable auspices. Cordially thanking the few nobles who have patiently endured the mental disturbances consequent upon the monthly perusal of this completed fictitious production, I beg to remain

Ever in the faith,

WILLIAM ROSS.



For one hundred and twenty-five nights last season, people just flocked to a New York Theatre to see

"MADAME BUTTERFLY" AND "NAUGHTY ANTHONY."

For three weeks in Boston recently, the Theatre has been packed to see

"MADAME BUTTERFLY" AND "NAUGHTY ANTHONY."

At the Amphion Theatre, Brooklyn, this week, the *New York Clipper* says: "David Belasco's successful farce 'Naughty Anthony,' with the charming and pathetic Japanese story, 'Madame Butterfly,' as a curtain raiser, is crowding the house from the orchestra to the

gallery. To most of our theatre goers, Mr. Evans is familiar as the 'I. McCorker' of 'Parlor Match' fame, and the audiences have given him a most cordial welcome as the Professor of Moral Culture in 'Naughty Anthony.' He has many opportunities to display those abilities which brought to the 'Parlor Match' fame and fortune, and is supported by a competent company of players, notably the beautiful and accomplished Valerie Bergere, who, as the 'Hosiery Model,' has made a decided hit. 'Madame Butterfly' is one of the most charming little plays seen here for years, full of deep feeling and artistic daintiness, and one that particularly appeals to the tenderness of woman's nature."

Now we are all going to flock to see "Madame Butterfly" and "Naughty Anthony" at

THE CHESTNUT STREET THEATRE,
December 10, 1900.

AINT WE—SAY?
WHO ARE WE?
WHO ARE YOU?
WE'RE THE GANG
OF OLD LU LU—
WE-ARE-JUST-THE-SAME-OLD-GANG—
G-A-N-G, Gang,
One, Two,
AH YOU!
TRUE BLUE
LU LU,
P-H-E-W-W-W-W-W—(Whistle it.)

And we are going to have an immense audience in the grand cause of brotherly charity at

THE CHESTNUT STREET THEATRE,
December 10, 1900.

When the house was bought some people predicted failure, but we know no such word as FAIL, in Lu Lu Temple. If we had fifteen hundred seats, at \$1 50 each, we could sell them all for

"MADAME BUTTERFLY" AND "NAUGHTY ANTHONY,"

December 10, 1900.

With twenty-eight hundred as good fellows as ever breathed, back of me, I would buy the house for a week, and come out ahead.

Now don't suppose that I want the good fellows to breathe back of me. That is only a figure of speech. But if you want to hear figures of speech, come to

THE CHESTNUT STREET THEATRE,
December 10, 1900.

Having "pulled off" three successful entertainments in the grand cause of CHARITY, I now bid adieu to the Chairmanship of the Entertainment Committee, with thanks to the Nobles of Lu Lu Temple,

whose kindly aid has enabled us to establish a Charity Fund of \$600, which will grow as the years go by.

The new Potentate will give my job to any Noble who desires it. It has been taken hold of by me, purely for the love I bear Lu Lu Temple, with no expectation of fee or reward, and its present incumbent is not, and will not be, a candidate for any elective or appointed office, and will not serve on any committee on and after December 7th.

I mention this, because in all organizations, there are men who are ready to kick and find fault if things don't go precisely their way.

I have the highest regard for the kicker who kicks for what he believes to be right, and kicks at the right time and in the right place.

I will also link arms and call him my friend, who kicks against an entertainment and buys tickets for it.

But the man who kicks and don't buy; the man who tries to throw cold water on a movement that is designed to help the needy, and enhance the reputation of an organization whose main purpose is good works; the man who writes an insulting letter under the "non de plume" of "Charity," doubtless "to cover his multitude of sins," is, in my opinion, a sneak, and I hope he will read this and appreciate the fact that my opinion is shared by every honorable man in Lu Lu Temple.

But you will all kick yourselves to little bits of bits when you see "Naughty Anthony" at

THE CHESTNUT STREET THEATRE,
December 10, 1900.

And those who will kick themselves in the place it hurts the worst, will be those who do not see

"NAUGHTY ANTHONY,"
December 10, 1900.

The Daughters of Isis have helped considerably in selling tickets for

"NAUGHTY ANTHONY,"
December 10, 1900.

Two seventy-five cent orders were sent to each of them, but unfortunately they were under the impression that they were asked to buy them and as they did not note that the circular asked them to help by *selling* (the word "selling" being underscored), a large number have been returned for

THE CHESTNUT STREET THEATRE,
December 10, 1900.

But everything has its drawbacks, and nothing is won in this world, unless we take a risk. We will come out ahead and have an immense house at

THE CHESTNUT STREET THEATRE,
December 10, 1900.

To the three or four ladies who have considered it a labor of love to sell from one to three hundred dollars of tickets, we extend our thanks, and know that they will enjoy

"NAUGHTY ANTHONY,"
December 10, 1900.

And to the Nobles who have so kindly responded, with requests for more \$1.50 seats than the theatre contains, we send our thanks for their interest, and regret that we cannot furnish them for

THE CHESTNUT STREET THEATRE,
December 10, 1900.

But those Nob's who have not yet paid for their orders must send in their cash at once, or return the orders, as the demand is so great both for \$1.50 and \$1 seats that the Committee cannot supply it, and settlement must be made with the theatre on December 4th.

For Nobles who do not intend to take ladies with them, and who can have all the fun they want, the dress circle, at 75 cents, offers great attractions at

THE CHESTNUT STREET THEATRE,
December 10, 1900.

Now, this is what the New York *Press* says of "Naughty Anthony": "Among the really great attractions of the year is that which comes heralded with the magic name of David Belasco. As author, he promises the people of this city his two most recent triumphs, combining in a double bill, the merry farce, 'Naughty Anthony' and the Japanese tragedy, 'Madame Butterfly.' As manager, he gives back to the stage one of the cleverest comedians it ever possessed, presenting, as the star of his comedy, none other than Charles E. Evans. Evans' very name suggests laughter. The public do not forget their favorite merry-makers, and of all comedians Charlie Evans can least hope to escape the rewards of popularity. He has dispelled so many cares and has caused so many laughs that his return to the field of fun will be doubly welcome. The days of Evans and Hoey and 'The Parlor Match,' were too great in their success to allow the chief member of the firm to remain in retirement. For a long time theatre goers have demanded Evans' return to the stage, and now that he has decided to undertake the rôle of the Professor in Mr. Belasco's 'Naughty Anthony,' the public will not miss the opportunity to laugh and grow wise. The theme of 'Naughty Anthony' is 'moral culture,' and it will be seen with what learning and effect Charlie Evans—and his legs—will seek to expound it. 'Naughty Anthony' was played for four months last season at the Herald Square Theatre in New York, and the sensation the play then caused is still a topic of discussion. The piece will be given in this city with all the original scenery, properties and effects, and with the strongest cast Mr. Belasco has been able to select."

And this is what the English press says of Belasco's dramatization of John Luther Long's beautiful story of "Madame Butterfly": "A more remarkable play has not been seen in London for many a long year. It defies the ordinary standards of consideration—it makes such an attack upon the emotions that only a stoic could behold it unmoved. A triumph of simplicity and daintiness; a triumph of artistic beauty and fanciful resource; a triumph of love and tenderness and prettiness; and, above all, a triumph of complete and impressive acting. 'Madame Butterfly' won its way to unanimous favor by the reality of the touch, the charm of its finish, and the pathetic humanity of its story. To say that the power of Mr. Belasco's dramatic tale came upon the Duke of York's audience as a startling surprise is to tell only the bald truth. It is the most absorbing and magnetic play seen for several seasons. Those who came to scoff remained to be impressed, and when the tension was over and the painful stillness of an unbroken silence was at an end, the house expressed its pleasure and admiration with undivided voice. Nothing could have been more spontaneous and sincere. The man who misses 'Madame Butterfly' should never be allowed to enter a theatre again for the remainder of his natural life."—*Daily Telegraph*, April 30th.

Regarding our benefit on the 10th inst., after fully considering the matter, it was decided that the most equitable way of selling tickets was to have orders printed which, when presented at the Box Office on and after December 4th, would enable the Nobles to obtain desirable seats, and thus relieve the Committee from any charge of partiality at

THE CHESTNUT STREET THEATRE,
December 10, 1900.

But here's to our new Potentate,
May he be great
In thought and word. In kindly deeds
May he excel. May brother's needs
Receive their just and rightful due.
May he to every trust be true;
Upright and square, no faction know,
But just alike to friend or foe:
With dignity may he command
The forces always at his hand,
And by his acts make all things great—
Our next Illustrious Potentate.

Now having used up all the "fruit from the palms," we have cut the tree down with this monthly edition, but I hope to see you all at

THE CHESTNUT STREET THEATRE,
December 10, 1900.

M. V. B. D.

APPOINTMENTS BY THE POTENTATE

+

GEORGE W. HALL	First Ceremonial Master
MARTIN V. B. DAVIS, Alternate	
HENRY G. BRUNER	Second Ceremonial Master
SAMUEL LAUGHLIN, Alternate	
GEORGE H. BANES	Marshal
ADAM EXTON, Alternate	
JOSEPH C. BRENNER	Captain of the Guard
HARRY E. BORZELL, Alternate	
H. H. MITHOEFFER	First Alchemist
FRED P. SCHER, Alternate	
WM. H. SHENEMAN, JR.	Second Alchemist
CHRISTIAN BIEDERBECK, Alternate	
CAPTAIN OF THE PATROL, LEWIS D. BELAIR . . .	
LIEUTENANTS OF PATROL { FRANKLIN S. BOWER }	Floor Directors
BENJ. J. SHENEMAN }	
BENJAMIN K. PAULLIN	Outer Guard
JAMES G. BRADEN, Assistant	
HARRY K. LEECH	Executioner
C. FERDINAND VANHORN, Alternate	
GEORGE M. PRICE	Electrician
FRANCIS McCUTCHEON, Alternate	
WM. B. SMITH	Inquisitor
A. G. C. SMITH, Alternate	
J. W. R. WASHINGTON	Superintendent of Baths
JOSHUA L. WILDEY, Alternate	
A. J. H. MACKIE	Subterranean Engineer
JAMES McGARVEY	Soothsayer
WILLIAM ROSS	Chief Magi
WILLIAM C. BURK	Receiver of Novices
LOUIS H. HALL	
WM. H. BARCLAY	
HERMAN REHBORN }	Oriental Dancers
WM. H. OTT	
Gladiators, Camel Directors, Camel Drivers by volunteers	

--COMMITTEES--

♦ ♦

Entertainments

MARTIN V. B. DAVIS, 1627 Chestnut Street
JAMES A. WILLARD, 1236 Columbia Avenue
WM. ROSS, 305 Walnut Street
THOMAS J. DEWEES, 40 N. 19th Street
HARRY FERKLER, 1335 Cherry Street
EMILE V. RIVARD, 1323 S. Farson Street

Music

WALTER SCOTT, 1713 N. 16th Street D. M. RATTAY, 131 S. 12th Street
GEORGE FORD, 116 S. 10th Street WM. S. ALLEN, 2257 N. 16th Street
RICHARD C. BALLINGER, 218 N. 13th Street

Charity

THE POTENTATE
ASSISTANT RABBAN
ORIENTAL GUIDE

CHIEF RABBAN
HIGH PRIEST
RECORDER

Excursions

JAMES McGARVEY, 1837 Christian Street
SAMUEL R. GAYTON, 925 Chestnut Street
WM. ROSS, 305 Walnut Street
LOUIS WEBER, 1772 Frankford Avenue
LEWIS D. BELAIR, 4th and Columbia Avenue
WALTER SCOTT, 1713 N. 16th Street

Stewards

LOUIS GROSS, 851 Uber Street JESSE PITT, 2240 N. 15th Street
WM. HENDERSON, 508 S. 42d Street J. HARRY COX, 2112 N. 11th Street
THOS. HENDERSON, 1906 Sansom Street HARRY GREEN, 1511 S. 5th Street
WM. S. ALLEN, 2257 N. 16th Street

Organist

POWELL G. FITHIAN, 405 Linden Street, Camden

Leader of Lu Lu Temple Band

DR. A. H. THOMAS, 3829 Spring Garden Street

Lu Lu Quartette

EDGAR A. MURPHY J. FRANKLIN MOSS
HOWARD M. MURPHY GEORGE FORD

Janitor

SAMUEL MELVIN

DIRECTORS—*Malah*

♦ ♦

PHILIP C. SHAFFER

WM. H. HOSKINS

ARTHUR H. WOODWARD

JOSEPH CROCKETT

AUGUSTUS BEITNEY

WM. H. R. LUKENS

M. RICHARDS MUCKLÉ

CHARLES N. ROSELL

GEORGE W. KENDRICK, Jr.

JOSEPH L. R. WHETSTONE

FRANK P. MASON

CHAS. C. JUDD

THOMAS R. PATTON

WM. McCOACH

EZRA S. BARTLETT

PETER V. GUERRY

THOS. W. JENKINS

A. G. C. SMITH, Media, Pa.

DAVID H. LUKENS, Trenton, N. J.

JAMES McCAIN, Trenton, N. J.

ALEXANDER C. YARD, Trenton, N. J.

L. B. MORROW, Wilmington, Del.

EDWARD NOTHNAGLE, Chester, Pa.

EDWARD MILLS, Camden, N. J.

THADDEUS S. ADLE, Norristown, Pa.

SAMUEL S. YOHE, Easton, Pa.

FRANKLIN P. STOY, Atlantic City, N. J.

J. WARNER HUTCHINS, Philadelphia.